

## DAYLIGHT SAVING

I came in, and all the timecards were pulled so I had to go into Spindle at personnel and he said, what happened, Bukowski? and I said, hell, all the timecards were pulled, I couldn't punch in, and he said, you're an hour late, and I said, hell, I have 6 p.m. right here on my watch, and he said, it's Daylight Saving today, and I said, o, and he said, how come you didn't know it was Daylight Saving, and I said, well, I don't have a tv and I don't read the newspapers and I only listen to symphony music on the radio, and Spindle turned to the others in the office and he said, look here, Bukowski says he doesn't have a tv and he doesn't read newspapers and he only listens to symphony music on the radio, should I really believe that? and somebody said, o, yes, you better believe it, that cat's crazy, that cat is crazy as they come, and Spindle got out my timecard and handed it to me and said, all right, punch in, you'll be docked for the missing time, and I took my card out to the clock and hit it and then I walked to the work area, all the workers snickering at me and making sly remarks, and I handed my card to supervisor Wilkins in row 88 and I sat down and went to work.

## BORN TO LOSE

I was sitting in this cell  
and all these guys were tattooed  
BORN TO LOSE  
BORN TO DIE

all of them were able to roll a cigarette  
with one hand

if I mentioned Wallace Stevens or  
even Pablo Neruda to them  
they'd think me crazy

I named my cellmates in my mind:  
that one was Kafka  
that one was Dostoevski  
that one was Blake  
that one was Céline

and that one was  
 Mickey Spillane  
 I didn't like Mickey Spillane  
 sure enough that night at lights out  
 Mickey and I had a fight over who got  
 top bunk  
 the way it ended neither of us got top bunk  
 we both got the hole  
 after I got out I made an appointment with the warden  
 I told him I was a writer  
 a sensitive and gifted soul  
 and I wanted to work in the library  
 he gave me two more days in the hole  
 when I got out I worked in the shoe factory  
 I worked with Van Gogh, Schopenhauer, Dante,  
 Robert Frost and Karl Marx.  
 they put Spillane in license plates.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

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